

# The Best Things About Animals

by RainbowNinjaAgent

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Summary: Toothless seems to resemble quite a few animals, like a puppy, or a cat...how Hiccup seems to notice his friends different traits. Multiple one-shots on how Toothless resembles dozens of creatures, and Hiccup's thoughts on these discoveries.

## 1. Dog

**\*\*So, this is my first How To Train Your Dragon fanfiction, and my second fanfiction overall. This is actually going to be a bunch of one-shots, so there'll definitely be more like this...\*\***

**\*\*Each one-shot will be a different animal that Toothless resembles, and I already have a bunch of ideas for other animals. Still, if anybody has any ideas that they want to see written as a one-shot, I'll take them!\*\***

**\*\*Thank you, and please, please, please review!\*\***

**\*\*DOG\*\***

Maybe it was the eyes, Hiccup mused to himself as he hauled the bucket to the main room of the house. After all, Toothless was a huge and scaly black beast, not some cute little Terrible Terror. Hiccup should be terrified of him- he shouldn't be feeling bad for him!

With one last burst of energy, Hiccup released the bucket, stepping back in disgust as dozens of slimy, slippery raw fish slithered out onto the floor.

"There you go buddyâ€¦enjoy it. I'm not carrying another one out here." Toothless, who lay curled up on the wooden floor in front of the fire, slowly uncoiled himself, raising his head in a subdued manner. His eyes, normally a bright, curious yellow-green had dulled to a pale greyish green, and his expression was that of a newly

awoken child with the flu.

Toothless swung his tail around, a low keening sound rising from his throat as he slid the nearest fish closer to his mouth. Hiccup watched him closely, making sure that everything that Toothless ate stayed down. He had learned his lesson three trips to the fish barrels ago, and had no desire to repeat it- Hiccup had no more rags to spare for \_that \_type of mess.

Less than two minutes later, Toothless hooked his tail-fin through the handle of the bucket, attempting to toss it back at Hiccup. He failed miserably, and with a strange stuttering whine, Toothless flicked his tail unenthusiastically, letting it clatter to the floor and roll towards Hiccup.

"Oh, no way. Toothless, I said that was the last time! No more fish!" Toothless groaned, letting his head fall back to the ground, looking up pitifully at Hiccup. Hiccup glared back down at him, resisting the urge to put his hands on his hips. Toothless blinked slowly, mournfully, heaving a sigh in Hiccup's general direction.

"I'm not falling for that this time, buddy. Nope, I'm not getting any more fish for you, no matter what you do!"

Toothless' ears drooped down, and he whimpered tragically, his eyes heartbreaking enough to make Stoic relent. Yes, it was definitely the eyes.

Hiccup smacked his forehead with the palm of his hand.

"Oh, Odin help me!" he grumbled as he picked up the bucket, turned around, and stomped back to the fish barrels. Stupid dragon had mastered the puppy dog face.

Hiccup yanked the cover off of the barrel, slamming it to the ground as he muttered to himself. His pathetic excuse of a dragon just \_had \_to find the one thing that makes him sick, and of course he just \_had \_to eat- Hiccup stopped. He blinked.

Did dragons even \_get \_sick?

## 2. Cat

\*\*So, here's the second one-shot of this story...I'm not to sure about how this came out, so please review!\*\*

\*\*The basic idea for this came from the quote, "\*\*\*Cats are smarter than dogs. You can't get eight cats to pull a sled through snow." by Jeff Valdez, even though there are no sled's in this...oh well. There's snow at least.\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*Thanks, please review!\*\*\*\*

\*\*CAT\*\*

There was something to be said about Toothless; something that was different from the other dragons. Not just by physical appearances and abilities, though Toothless definitely stood out in that category- it was something about Toothless himself.

A Terrible Terror would give up a grudge held against anybody in exchange for a warm lap to curl up in. A Gronckle would assist in any form of physical labor for the prospect of a spare fish. A Nadder would almost always aid their rider in a hunt, sometimes just for the enjoyment of the expedition, and with no gift in return. A Zippleback would engage in any prank or practical joke for no prizes, acting just at the words of their riders. A Nightmare would fly into any battle with nothing but the exciting anticipation of a good bloody battle.

Toothless? Oh no, Toothless would do none of those things without careful consideration beforehand. Hiccup had spent a good many days contemplating what made his best friend different from other dragons, until it had suddenly, spontaneously occurred to him-

Toothless was intelligent.

"Of course I had to get the smart dragon, didn't I? Not a cute little Terror, not a helpful Gronckle, or a big, brave Nightmare- oh no, I get Toothless." Hiccup ranted to himself as he shoveled yet another heaping pile of snow to the left. "Other people get dragons that will help with the chores, but me? My lazy excuse for a dragon sits inside by the fireplace while I get to clear the whole bloody path!"

With a sudden burst of angry energy, Hiccup flung the next shovelful forcefully to the side, hitting the trunk of the nearest tree in the process. His nose was numb, his feet soaked, and by the Gods, he couldn't remember where he had put his fingers, because they most certainly were not on his hands.

"Couldn't have brought down a different dragon, now could I? Of course not. I get to find the most insufferable, most irritating, most pathetic- ODIN ABOVE!"

Hiccup's very un-manly screech echoed off of the house as the heavy dusting of snow that had fallen on the tree overhead fell- straight onto Hiccup's head. Dropping the shovel into the snow, Hiccup danced around in little circles in an attempt to dislodge the freezing slush down the back of his shirt, skidding around in awkward little motions as his prosthetic slipped on the ice.

That was it. With growl of annoyance, Hiccup trudged his way back to the house, throwing the shovel to the side of the wooden frame as he stomped up the stone steps. Yes, Toothless was definitely more intelligent than any of the other dragons, (obviously you couldn't get Toothless to brave the cold for anything) and by far the most dangerous- even with the knowledge that he was harmless, the village still feared him.

Obviously they had never met a cold, wet, angry Hiccup.

### 3. Horse

**\*\*Oh. My. Goodness. I am SOOO sorry that this is so late in coming! My internet was down for a while, and then I completely lost my inspiration&#160;|hopefully this makes up for some of it. Please don't kill me! I'm hoping to update more soon!\*\***

**\*\*Anyways, I got a few ideas from people that commented, so I'll be incorporating those into some separate one-shots later on, but for now I just wanted to get this out before I forgot about this altogether. I have more animal prompts up and coming, I promise!  
\*\***

**\*\*Soâ€¦if you really want me to update this faster, I would suggest commenting and giving me more ideas to work with, since I write faster when I have a set goal in mindâ€¦so comment on this and TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT TO READ MORE OF! Thanks, and hopefully you like this long-overdue prompt!\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p><strong>Horse<strong>

If there was one thing that Hiccup found beyond irritating in Berk, it was the Viking's stereotypes.

After all, for the past fifteen years Hiccup had been classified as useless and bothersome because of his size. It was perfectly natural for him to dislike the methods of cataloguing in which the Viking race organized everything living. Astrid was considered perfect because she was a good warrior, Fishlegs was considered a nerd because he read books, Snotlout was considered brave because he was too stupid to know anything betterâ€¦|

And dragons were considered murderers because they were misunderstood.

Even now, after the Vikings had come to terms with the fact that the dragons were on their side, that they were no longer enemies- Hiccup knew that it wasn't perfect. Nothing ever was in a Viking society, and he knew that he should be happy with what he had now. In any case, Hiccup knew that the upcoming generations would think differently- once children were born into a world with dragons living with them side-by-side, it would be inevitable that it would become natural. Who knows, maybe in a few hundred years people would look back on this time and wonder, "How did they ever believe that dragons were \_bad?\_"

But for now, dragons were still thought of as a novelty.

And Hiccup hated it more than anything- more than the years he had spent as an outcast, more than the battle of the Red Death, more than even his own missing leg. He felt guilty, even though the rational part of his mind knew that nothing was his fault- he felt guilty because he was now a hero, while the dragons that were the \_real \_heroes were considered pets.

Hiccup \_truly \_did not understand how the Vikings of Berk managed to mistake these incredible creatures as pets. They were allies, they were friends, they were \_family\_- but they were not domesticated animals. Even the Terrible Terrors weren't tame- though he could understand that mix-up. For dragons, the Terrible Terrors acted a lot like puppies. Really, really temperamental puppies.

With razor-sharp teeth and claws. Hiccup shivered, remembering his last run-in with an angry Terror- it hadn't been pretty.

Anyhow, the dragons were not simple little pets. They were something more than that- they were creatures in which people could relate to, could talk to, and could trust with everything. The bond between Hiccup and Toothless ran deeper than anything, deeper than friendship, deeper than blood- there wasn't any way that Hiccup could describe in words how much Toothless meant to him. Nobody would ever understand how much Hiccup loved that dragon, how far he would go for him. Even Astrid, who was the closest one to understanding the bond between the boy and his dragon, would never fully know.

And now, some \_idiot\_ was trying to tell Hiccup how to ride his dragon.

"See here, you're doin' it all wrong, lad. You gotta lean back, so you can go fasterâ€|"

Hiccup gritted his teeth, his knuckles turning white as he gripped the saddle to refrain from punching this guy in the face. He didn't know the man, thank the Gods, but Hiccup was just about ready to smack him as hard as he could. Did this guy even know who he was talking to? Hiccup was the first Viking to ever even \_ride \_a dragon. This man, whoever he wasâ€|there were no words for how irritating Hiccup found him.

"No, no, leave your arms hangin' down by your side, that way you're lighter and the mount doesn't tire out. Then you can-"

Toothless growled, the sound a low rumble deep in his chest as he glanced at Hiccup, his eyes narrow and his pupils narrower. Hiccup agreed with him wholeheartedly- this man was an idiot. A thick headed, arrogant idiot.

Now, don't get him wrong- Hiccup wasn't adverse to advice from others. He'd been an outcast in his village for too long to not come to terms with the fact that there was always going to be somebody who knew more than he did, and he knew that he would never know all there was about the art of riding a dragon. Even with Toothless, the fastest dragon on Berk and quite possibly the fastest in the world, Hiccup knew that he couldn't learn everything. There were simply too many things to know, to study, to experiment. Dragons were as versatile as humans, as Hiccup was finding out, and there were many, many different species- and with every specie, there was a different style of flight, of aerodynamics, of posture, of techniques.

"â€|and make sure to stay real tense, that way if you start to slip, you don't fall off all the way. Wouldn't want to fall off your mount now, wouldja?"

The man laughed, and Hiccup trembled in anger. \_Mount\_?

He wouldn't have minded the man's words as much if he had actually been right- but this guy was dead wrong on \_everything\_. A rider was supposed to lean forward while riding a dragon, to allow for better speed- he was supposed to keep his arms close to the body, to get a more streamlined flight- he was supposed to relax while flying, to move with the dragon, to keep his body language casual so not to make the dragon uneasy- nothing he was talking about was true. How had he learned to ride a dragon- by pretending to be a rock?

Hiccup cleared his throat to get the man's attention, and sat up as straight and regal as he could- which wasn't much, but he didn't really care at the moment.

"Your information has been most illuminating," he said stiffly, his shoulders tense from holding back the fists that desperately wanted to flatten this guy's face in. "I'll be sure to use it in the future."

And then Toothless bounded forward a few steps, and rocketed off into the sky- Hiccup made sure to lean forward and keep his arms pulled in close, just to annoy the man as they flew away. Wind whipped through his hair and clothes as they shot up into the air, and he relaxed slowly- flying always made him feel better, but he was still furious.

Hiccup wasn't one for violence; after all, if he was, Toothless wouldn't even be here right now. Hiccup shied away from the thought. Still, that guy- whoever he was- had brought out the ugly side of him, the over-protective side that didn't take out his anger by using sardonic humor. Normally Hiccup just went into a quiet, mutinous state of mind when he was angry- this was something completely different, and Hiccup didn't like it at all.

Toothless glanced back at him worriedly, his eyes round once more and his pupils back to their normal size.

"Could you believe that guy?" Hiccup shouted over the whistling wind as Toothless leveled out high above the ocean. "He actually thought that he was \_right \_about all that- it's a total load of fishguts if you ask me!"

Toothless snorted in agreement, tossing his head condescendingly.

"And all that about mounts- you're more than just a common horse, aren't you buddy?" Hiccup teased, leaning forward to scratch behind Toothless' ear. Toothless closed his eyes in approval, humming happily. Hiccup smiled.

He'd been telling the truth he told the man that his information had been helpful. Hiccup was going to use it- he was going to use it to make sure that the entirety of Berk knew just how special, just how privileged they were to have dragons as their friends. He wanted them to realize that only an insane amount of luck had gotten them this far- taking advantage of these creatures would be just plain stupid, and by the Gods, if it was the last thing he did, Hiccup was going to make them understand that they couldn't take them for granted, that this was a blessing-

And then they were falling.

Hiccup screeched at the sudden drop, his heart seizing in sudden panic, but the sound was cut short when Toothless plunged beneath the waves of the freezing ocean before Hiccup could close his mouth. Complete darkness invaded his vision for a spilt-second, the cold gripping at him immediately, and then Toothless was shooting back into the air with a sudden explosion of speed that snapped Hiccup's neck back. Toothless wiggled happily, a large fish caught in his jaws. Hiccup coughed, his eyes stinging, his nose and throat burning

from the salty water he'd swallowed in his surprise, and shook his head like a wet-dog, water droplets spraying in a sparkling arc around him. Toothless laughed his strange little echoing laugh, and sped off towards the forge, water sliding from his scales as easily as it would from a duck's feathers while Hiccup was stuck in his soaking wet, frigid clothes.

Hiccup glared at the dragon weakly, heart still pounding, and spat out more water, wiping his face off on his sleeve and only managing to get more wet.

So much for the dramatic moment. Well, the dragons were a blessing in disguise, really.

â€|a very, \_very\_ deep disguise.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Wellâ€|that was longer than I expected. Hopefully that makes up for my unexcused absenceâ€|so sorry about that. This one wasn't as funny as all the others, but I've had this idea in my head for a while now- I've read a lot of stories where the writers made Toothless out to be nothing more than a really cool pet, and I think it's just wrongâ€|Toothless is the reason why any of this happened, and he deserves way more credit. Besides, the movie <strong>\_\*\*clearly \*\*\_\*\*shows that Hiccup and Toothless are as close as brothers, if not more- Hiccup was willing to die for Toothless, and Toothless was willing to die for Hiccup, so I really don't understand where all this pet stuff is coming from. Dragons are \_\*\*far\*\*\_\*\* too intelligent to be pets!\*\*

\*\*Anyways, I'll stop ranting now. This is kind of my tribute to the Hiccup/Toothless brotherly bond that is TOTALLY THERE NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY, and I just wanted to make it very clear how I saw their relationship. â€|\_\*\*ahem\*\*\_\*\*- Sorry for my preachingâ€|\*\*

\*\*So, comment, tell me what you think, yell at me for being late, mention whether or not you agree with thisâ€|seriously, I will respond to any comments if you have your PM thingy activated. If you don't, I'll mention you in the A/N next chapter. I'd love to hear your opinions on this chapter, since I happen to really like itâ€|part of the idea came from Starr for her comment and her questioning about a one-shot with Horse as the prompt.\*\*

\*\*PLEASE REVIEW!\*\*

\*\*(Also, you should check out my new HTTYD storyâ€|it's called \*\*\*Ragnarok Rising\*\*\*, and you can find it on my profile.)\*\*

\*\*See you for next chapter! Which I promise will be posted much sooner this time!\*\*

#### 4. Lion

\*\*Yeesh. Two non-funny chapters in a row? I must be sick or something. â€|Whatever. So, bask in the awesome-ness of me updating twice in only a week (I \_\*\*know \*\*\_\*\*right?) but don't get used to itâ€|it was a long weekend what with Memorial Day, and tomorrow means back to schoolâ€|guck.\*\*

**\*\*Anyways, this prompt is from \*\*\_\*\*Ynona\*\*\_\*\*, who reviewed and asked for a story where Toothless is compared to an eagle or tiger, or some kind of aggressive/protective animal, and I decided to use the lion idea. So, of course, the gears started spinning in my head, and I cranked this baby outâ€|which I'm very happy about. This is a lot longer than any of the other one-shots I've written, and it should make up for the 2+ months where I forgot about this story, so enjoy!\*\***

**\*\*Lion\*\***

In Hiccup's defense, he really hadn't been expecting it.

It was trading season in Berk, and Hiccup wandered through the marketplace square, colorful tents set up all around him. People bustled by, many of them faces he knew, and Hiccup smiled continuously as his fellow Vikings greeted him. His status as official first dragon-tamer was nice- at least he wasn't Hiccup the Useless anymore.

He made his way over to one corner of the square, ambling past the goods that were set out to attract curious eyes. The trading items were interesting, yes, but he was on a mission- he could look at the odds and ends later, after he had picked up the necessities.

In fact, those necessities, at the moment, included only one thing- and that was fish. Hiccup made his way to the docks, mentally berating himself for letting the stores he kept in the house get so low- he needed to get used to having Toothless around all the time now, actually \_living \_with him. Before, all Hiccup had needed to get was enough fish for himself and Stoic (though his father's appetite rivaled that of Toothless anyways), but nowâ€|now he had to get more fish. It was like trying to feed the Gods themselves, he mused, just much less interesting- what would it be like, he wondered, to host Thor Almighty himself in his little house?

Hiccup snorted at the strange thought, and walked faster down to the storehouses by the docks.

The day was nice, beautiful, actually- a rare occurrence in Berk. The sun was shining, the breeze just cool enough, and the waves of the ocean sparkled as he drew near. The docks were deserted, everybody being up in town to barter with the new arrivals- it was strange to not see anybody down in the stockrooms. Hiccup smiled involuntarily, the pleasant weather brightening his mood considerably.

Of course, that didn't last long at all.

He slowed down as he neared the large building that held Berk's store of food for the winter, frowning as he heard a noise. Straining to listen, Hiccup heard it- voices emanated from inside, muffled and inaudible from this distance, and Hiccup slunk forward, making sure to lift his prosthetic carefully and set it down quietly as he pressed an ear to the wooden door.

"Just shove 't all in there- take as much as 'ou can fit!"

"The bag is t' small!"



"Well, get another 'un! And be quick about it- we can't let 'em stupid villagers know we' in here!"

Hiccup's eyes widened as he understood, and stumbled back quickly- he was too late. The door opened, a spindly man with a black goatee and a funny-looking purple jacket stepping out. His eyes fell on Hiccup immediately, widening, and the boy groaned internally. Running away would be too obvious, and he wouldn't be able to outrun them anyways, not with his leg. He straightened up, trying to look as threatening as possible, and stared the man down.

"You're trying to steal from our stores!"

Well. As if \_that \_wasn't obvious. Hiccup resisted the urge to shuffle his feet awkwardly, instead narrowing his eyes in what he hoped was a dangerous manner. The man skittered back a few steps, his eyes never leaving Hiccup's and called back to his buddy. Hiccup contemplated making a run for it while he was distracted- he might be able to make it back up to the village square, and then he would have the back-up of the rest of his village to scare them with-

"Smash, we gotta' visitor!"

All thoughts of escaping flew out of Hiccup's mind as the second man stepped out of the warehouse, and the boy gulped inaudibly. The man was \_huge, \_easily rivaling Stoic in terms of broadness and muscle-bound monstrosity- except where Stoic stood proud, this man hunched villainously, his shoulders looking positively massive as his shadow loomed over the much smaller boy. His meaty hands hung limp by his side, his expression twisting into one of sneering derision as he saw \_huge\_\_rge\_huhehuhukrgkdnfg

"Wha', this scrawny lil' pipsqueak? We'll take care o' 'im, won't we, Stringy?"

The more rational part of Hiccup's mind snorted at the names, conveniently ignoring the fact that his own name was \_Hiccup\_, while the less rational part of his brain screamed like a little girl and ran to hide under the metaphorical covers. The boy took a shaky step back, praying desperately for one of the villagers to look down the pathway and see him, but he knew that, even if they did, it would do no good. He was too far away, and all they would see was him talking to two guys down at the docks.

Hiccup took another hasty step back, preparing himself to run- even if he didn't make it all the way up to the town before they caught him, he could still scream bloody murder, couldn't he? - but the plan immediately crashed and burned as soon as Smash lunged forward with more speed than Hiccup had been expecting, seizing Hiccup and dragging him into the storehouse.

Inside, it was cooler, damp from the wet fish and lack of sunlight- it smelled of salt water and slimy cod and salmon. Barrels were stacked high to the ceiling, filled with salted fish for the upcoming winter, and two of them lay shattered on the ground, the slippery aquatic creatures spilling onto the floor. Two bags sat on the floor a ways away, stuffed full of fish and eels, the flaps open to reveal the stolen goods.

Smash, his entire hand circling Hiccup's waist easily, threw the boy

to the floor. The metal of his prosthetic clanged against the stone floors, jarring his leg uncomfortably as he landed with a squeak of pain. Hiccup gazed up at the man, desperately trying to think of a plan- the only things he could think of was to kick him in the shin and hope beyond hope that the blow would somehow take Smash down- but he knew that was impossible. Hiccup kicking him would be like a butterfly landing on his leg- at worst, it would only serve to anger him more.

Stringy followed them in, shutting the door behind him, and Hiccup flinched at the sound of the wood slamming together. The cavernous room darkened immediately with the lack of sunlight, lit only by the small holes in the roof where light filtered through dimly. Stringy sighed, relenting.

"Don' make a mess outta 'im." He muttered, going over to pick up the bags of stolen fish that lay on the ground. Hiccup's eyes widened. Were they serious?

"'Y-You can't do that!" he blurted out, scrambling to his feet ungracefully to back up. "I'm the Chief's son! You'd start a war!"

Smash cocked his head to the side, and Stringy dropped the bags to look at him, eyebrows twitching.

"Chief's son?" he queried, and Hiccup nodded spastically. Maybe they would let him go now, maybe they would return the fish, maybe they wouldn't kill him-

Of course, he thought too soon. Stringy smiled widely, showing missing and blackened teeth. "Well, y' wou' make a good piece o' blackmail, wouldn't ja?"

Hiccup froze. Smash leaned down, grabbing the front of Hiccup's shirt and hoisting him into the air to slam him against the wall behind him. Hiccup gasped, all air knocked out of his lungs from the impact, and hung limply from the goon's hand, his feet dangling above the floor.

"Can I still kill 'im?" he asked, sounding far too excited- Hiccup struggled to breathe, trying to push Smash's hands away. Stringy shook his head, still grinning insanely.

"Na, just cut 'im up a lil' bit- make 'im bleed, t' show 'ow serious we are, eh? The lil' son of the Chief'll start a war fo' us, won't ou'?"

Smash grinned, and Hiccup kicked him in the stomach- the huge man growled, and smashed Hiccup back into the wall painfully. Hiccup's head collided with the strong structure painfully, and black dots exploded in front of his eyes, swimming in his vision and making his head go all fuzzy; Hiccup groaned weakly. Yeah, that had been a smart idea.

When he opened his eyes, his surroundings looking a little too blurry for his liking, Smash was shoving a knife (a very, very, very, very \_sharp looking knife!) \_in his face, the point gleaming. Something was whining in the background, a subsonic sound that Hiccup blamed on the probable concussion, and he winced away from the weapon, heart

pounding- it figured that he would survive the battle of the Red Death, the loss of his leg, and everything else that had happened since, only to die in a fish storehouse, all alone and captured by bloody \_traders, \_wouldn't it? Hiccup closed his eyes once again, his breathing stuttering, the high-pitched sound growing louder in his head, and waited for the inevitable bite of the dagger. There wasn't much point to fighting, was there? What could he do anyways?

And then the doors exploded.

Hiccup's eyes flew open. Stringy screamed once, and then a blur of pure black was on him, roaring in fury, and snatched him right off the floor, throwing him out the hole in the wall, still screaming. Smash turned, a dumb look registering on his face before Toothless had ripped him away from Hiccup, an ear-splitting shriek of rage exploding from the dragon. Hiccup flopped to the floor, the knife clattering against the stone next to him. Toothless snarled and shook the monster of a man as a cat would shake a mouse before flinging him out as well, his wings flared out in anger.

A dull splash sounded from outside, signaling Smash's landing in the water.

"Toothless!" Hiccup burst out, slurring slightly, and scrambled to his feet to stumble woozily over to his dragon. The Night Fury looked over at him, his pupils dilating immediately at the sight of the scrawny boy, and slunk over with a whine of concern to his human. Smoke curled in the air from the charred edges of the wood that had exploded inwards from Toothless' fireball, and Hiccup coughed, eyes watering. By the \_Gods, \_his head hurt!

Toothless nudged his side worriedly, a little humming sound rumbling deep in his chest. Hiccup sank to the floor, his legs too wobbly and jelly-like to support his weight, and hugged the dragon's neck tightly- Toothless' tail slid over the floor to curl around the boy, his wings spread protectively.

"Thanks bud." Hiccup mumbled, his vision swimming, and clung limply to his dragon. "You saved me."

Toothless purred comfortingly, lowering himself to the ground to curve himself defensively around his rider. Footsteps pounded in the distance, the dull sounds of shouting registering in the background, and Hiccup flinched at the noise, his head pounding. Toothless nudged him affectionately, and Hiccup buried his head in the smooth scales of the Night Fury's shoulder.

"Thanks bud." He whispered once again, and promptly blacked out.

â€|\*\*Wow. That wasâ€|um. I have no idea. I had a plan for how this was going to go, and then- POOF. This happened.\*\*

\*\*Anyways, tell me what you think- this is the first thing like this that I've written, and I want to see what your thoughts on it are! Please review!\*\*

End  
file.